

Study / Statues

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Philadelphia slips its branches
through the dusk. The statues flake off.
It is the reason why we are sad.
Car lights intersect & disappear in
the heart. We drink the scent of tar in summer,
waiting for it to cool down. Tea we serve
to our guests, so cold it makes the head ache.
God is beside himself. Pacing. Jealous.
Two cigarettes going. Picks up the phone.
Drops it in the cradle. Sunset is a beautiful
shipwreck, flaming, the breakage overcomes
the taped sounds of crickets, crows.
Office towers doused erratically with light.
At night, when nothing grows.